



Rumors



👁 42 ✓ 3 ★ 7

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

There were rumors. Rumors of a villain, pulling strings in the shadows. A tyrant that ruled in a far-off land. A disease, spreading in the shadows. A pathogen, stronger and more fierce than anyone had ever faced before.

People were worried, staying off the streets as much as they possibly could. An overwhelming sense of qualm was set over the city like a blanketed death. No one would let their loved ones out of sight. Something was going to happen soon.

This character, lurking in the darkness. Manipulating events, plotting and planning out their revenge. The one who watched, the one who knew, the one who silently, intricately orchestrated the downfall of everyone on the planet. Everyone was in danger. It was all a result of one person, an evil of such a potency that the world had never seen before.

That evil, was me. I would bring about the downfall.

And today, was the day.

I picked up my silken gloves and slipped them onto my hands. Without them, I had no control over my power. I had no idea what I was doing, but I had to have it. A power flowed through my veins like nothing that had ever existed before. An ancient, forgotten power.

It was time.

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Chapter 2 by Jessica Kruger



A mysterious figure stepped into town, shrouded in a large, old, black cloak. The town seemed to be deserted, all the doors and windows sealed firmly shut and not a person to be seen. The only hint was the tiny, murmuring, rolling whisper that floated on the breeze. He slowly strode through the town, the sun's hot gaze glaring down at him. He stopped for a drink at the town's well. Everything was silent, yet the figure was suddenly alert. He spun around and threw himself forward, straight into another person. The surprised person toppled over, the sudden attack had come without warning. They both quickly regained their footing and they stared each other down. The person, a tall, young man who was well groomed for the time, tugged on his silk gloves and the figure, a seemingly older, scarred, gruff, broad man, tightened his fists, his fleece, fingerless gloves.

"imimoya ngokufutheka komhlaba!" he chanted bringing up his hands and circling the around each other, palms flat and out. From his hands began to swirl a wind, picking up dirt from the cracked, dry ground. It shot forward, shooting towards the mysterious figure. He held his ground as the dust filled sand pelted him. He raised his hands.

"ukuphila ubambe amanzi ilanga!" the figure cried, making a wave motion with his hands out in front of him. Water shot from his fingertips, stopping the wind before hitting the man, who was shocked. The man knew of none others who had powers like him. He quickly shook it off, reading for another attack.

"emhlabeni umthamo emhlabathini emgodini!" he cried, making a motion like a conductor at the end of a song. The now muddy ground shifted almost unnoticeably before the figure quickly started to sink.

"umlilo senhliziyweni yomhlaba!" the figure quickly cried, curling and uncurling a hand out in front. The mud started to dry and he slowly stopped sinking as the ground heated up. Soon, a pulsing light could be seen through the earth, radiating heat. A plume of lava shoot up beneath both of them, sending them both flying backwards. The man growled, the figure was obviously

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"inkanyezi ukukhanya nelanga elikhanyayo!" he responded, palms flat and straight out in front of him as if to stop the darkness. His eyes began to glow, then so did his palms. Light shot from his palms and spread from around him. The light hit the man, sending him flying back and chasing away the darkness. The figure put a hand on the wood pole behind him, panting.

"ukugoqa umvini ephothana!" the man said, thrusting his hand out as if to grab or choke something. Suddenly, the wood morphed under the figure's hand and a pair of vines shot out, wrapping themselves around his hand and arm. He pulled his arm free from the wood and pulled out a sword. he charged at the figure.

"inkemba zingene isiqiniseko!" he cried, attacking. The man drew his own sword and deflected, but the powered up sword prevailed and sliced into the man's shoulder.

"ukubulala lokubulala ukubulala!" He cried, each word getting louder until he shouted the last word. He shoved out his hands in front of him, shoving the figure. Darkness shot through the figure as he yelped in pain, it would be a fatal blow if he did not stop it, and in the right way.

"amandla okuphila ncela!" He cried, latching his hands around the man's wrists. The man gave a short, shocked gasp as green light glowed from the figure's hands were they touched his wrists. The figure popped the man's hand's from him, breathing deeply. He was sucking the man's life energy, which counter acted the kill the man had placed.

"I was so close..." the man thought as he slowly collapsed, first to his knees, then to the ground, "so close....."

Then, everything went black.

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